

# The World.

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## THE PUBLIC SERVANT PROBLEM.

"NOT less than twenty thousand city employees are turning over a portion of their wages to salary loan companies every pay day."

The significance of this statement from a report of the Assistant District-Attorney showing that municipal employees make up the largest class of workers who borrow from money lenders was the subject of recent comment in this column. Do city employees live beyond their means because they are underpaid? Do glaring injustice and disproportion in the duties and pay of fellow workers act with peculiar force to goad or tempt those who have the right to regard the city as their boss? Laborers who get their money daily are among the thriftiest workers. Would it be better to fix municipal pay day weekly instead of monthly?

These questions were suggested to Comptroller Prendergast as bearing on the inquiry he is conducting into the discrepancies in city salaries and salary raises which seemed to be based at present on the tough old text: To him that hath shall be given.

Herewith The Evening World submits the following letter, which speaks for itself:

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your editorial the other evening regarding the number of city employees who are in the toils of the money lenders interested me because of its remarkable point of view. Never before have I seen expressed in any newspaper any sentiment other than that such employees were overpaid and had a sin on their hands. So I am going to write to you something about myself because just now I feel that I would like to tell some one about myself. Perhaps when you have read this you will understand why.

I am a civil service employee, a clerk doing a lawyer's work in the office where I am employed. I won't say just what my salary is because I don't care to identify myself to that extent. The work I am now doing was, at the time of my appointment and for several years thereafter, done by personal appointees of the head of this office, who were not in the civil service. The lowest paid of these has always received twice as much as I receive and others have been paid nearly three times as much. This technical, careful and important work I do sufficiently well, so that there is no criticism of my kind ever made upon it by my superiors or the courts. Nevertheless, it is no better paid than that of any other clerk in the office who simply makes entries in books. And there are clerks of that class much better paid than I, because of pleasant personalities and some political influence. Often I have had to go to the rooms of some of the chief's own appointees of double my salary and help them out of messes they have got into.

Nevertheless I cannot live on the salary I get here. I have a wife and child, with their incidental bills. I have had to supplement my salary with outside work. I work every day in the week, Sunday included, and as many nights as I can get outside jobs to do. I seldom drink and seldom smoke and don't spend much on eating. In the last year I have spent \$2 on the theatre and \$1.50 on the Metropolitan Opera House. I have a life insurance policy with half of the term gone. I keep payments up and pay all my bills as fast as I can. My wife is as careful as she can be, although not a very capable person owing to health and training. Nevertheless, as I pay my bills each month I find each month a smaller sum left for the next month. It has been going thus for ten years. I see personal appointees of the chief of this office advanced in salary. It would be perfectly useless to ask him to raise me. I have not sought the money lenders. Nor shall I. When the time comes, as it looks now as if it must come soon, say in a year or so, when there is no money left at the beginning of the month after all my bills are paid, I expect to leave this earth as quietly and as decently as I can accomplish it, so that my life insurance may go to my wife and she can go back to her parents with it.

I am too old to leave this job. If I had not given hostages to fortune it could easily be done. But not now, as things are. There was a time when I believed that a capable man, even in a civil service position, might get some recognition from his superiors in this day and generation of politics, but, looking around this office and seeing the best, most efficient men paid less than the politicians and incompetents, I am aware that my former belief was unfounded. I wonder if these conditions would prevail under a socialistic form of government. During my time in this office I have been able to save this city quite a bit of money by certain changes and systems I have made and caused to be installed. I have eliminated at the same time many opportunities for error and have simplified much that was involved and cumbersome. I have learned that a man of that kind of mind can "quer" himself in a public office by so doing. The man who can get the money is he who can provide two jobs for doing the same amount of work that one man used to do. The other kind of man is feared by his fellow employees lest he should invent some system where their services would no longer be required. And where in a private employment his employer would value him for those qualities, a public office holder values him not at all.

There lies one of the greatest problems of civil service. It would seem that an approach to perfect organization, justice, fairness and due recompense should be easier among public servants than with any body of private workers. That it is not so everybody knows. Who will point out a way to make civil service not only protect but propel, not merely provide security but compel and reward efficiency, not seek to grow two jobs where only one was before, but see to it that every job is a real job, a whole job and the worker therein paid for no more and no less than what he does?

Forty years ago to-day, Nov. 9, 1872, broke out the great fire in Boston which swept the business section of the city and destroyed property worth \$75,000,000.

## Letters From the People

"Them That Has, Gets."

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Your editorial, "The City Salary Grab," appeals to me very much. The phrase "Them that has, gets," is only too true in many departments. But there are exceptions in everything. In the Bridge Department, for instance, there is a body of men called bridge-tenders. Their duties are to operate drawbridges at all hours of the day and night. They are expected to be in uniform at all times while on duty, also to do patrol duty protecting the lives of pedestrians and the property of this city. Their salary amounts to \$2.46 per day. Said body of men have appealed for the last ten years for an increase in salary without success, when other employees of the same department have had their salaries increased several times. Most of our men are constant readers of your valuable paper. BRIDGETENDER.

Janitor's, Aboyl

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Would some engineer or expert janitor please answer this query: A says that when the gauge of a steam boiler shows fifteen pounds pressure the radiators up in the apartments throw out more heat than when the gauge shows only two pounds pressure. B says that it makes no difference whether the gauge shows fifteen pounds or two pounds pressure; the radiators do not throw out any more heat. Which is right? J. A.

## The Girl of Yesterday (If Only She Could See Us Now) By Eleanor Schorer



Oh, if the miss of the seventeenth century (when it was very bad form for a girl to know how to read), oh, if she ever could step into 1912 and behold our maiden indulging in a huge volume of Political Economy or the like, WHAT would she say?

## The Jarr Family By Raymond McCardell

UNCLE HENRY came home from downtown in plenty of time for dinner. Uncle Henry's dead reckoning for dinner was when he took the maid.

But to Mrs. Jarr the noon meal, Mr. Jarr being downtown generally, was a light makeshift repast, elegantly denominated as "luncheon." To Mrs. Jarr dinner time was 7 P. M. A thing to Uncle Henry to astonish the mind. "Ain't Ed up yet?" asked Uncle Henry, in an irritated tone, for he was in bad humor. "The idea of him sayin' in bed all day! And, Clara, I might just as well tell you while I'm about it that this is poor fodder for a hungry man."

And Uncle Henry pointed to the measure vials of luncheon.

"Well, why didn't you get something to eat downtown?" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "Pay for vittles when I'm visitin'" asked Uncle Henry.

"Yes, pay for vittles while you are

## Mr. Jarr Is Relieved of One More Burden—the Burden of His Wealth

So out for fear he might be tempted to spend some money. "Hain't even a copy of the Patent Office Reports or Congressional Record to read?" he grumbled. "Hain't these people got no Congressman no more than any religion?" Just then the telephone bell rang. Uncle Henry, as he admitted himself, didn't understand machinery—except farm machinery. He let the telephone ring. Finally the constant jangle got on his nerves and he took the receiver off the hook as he had observed persons accustomed to telephones do. "Stop ringing this pecky bell!" he bawled. "I can't hear a word you say!" Uncle Henry at the telephone was an interesting object. He screwed up his face into an expression of tense annoyance, shut his eyes tight and talked at the top of his voice. "Yes, this is Ed Jarr's house!" he answered. "No, you can't see him. How kin anybody see through this machinery? He's asleep. Yes, that's what I say. Nobody should sleep in the daytime. But hired men'll do it at the end of a furrow when they're plowin', of you don't watch 'em. Yes, I'll git him. He should be waked up. And Uncle Henry put the receiver back on the hook and went to the patient duty of waking Mr. Jarr. "Git up, Ed!" he shouted, as he hammered on the bedroom door. "Some-

## Cheer Up, Cuthbert! By Clarence L. Cullen

BETTER Time to Wake Up is Before the Alarm Clock Begins to Ring!

When we Hear a Man Boast that he doesn't Wear his Heart on his Sleeve we sort of suspect that he's Ashamed to Show a Showdown Article!

Some of us Imagine that we've been in a Shipwreck when we've merely Struck a Snag!

The Man for our Money is the One who Begins Plans to Rebuild while his Shack still is Burning Down!

We can't be happy unless we're in Harmony!

A Lot of us who Wouldn't Think of Casting Mean Aspersions upon our Ancestors nevertheless Attempt to Attribute our Deficiencies to "Hereditary!"

In this Mighty Year for Crops we've Searched in Vain for "Wild Oats" and Contributing to the Wealth of the Nation!

A Laughing Heart is one of the Big Secrets of Longevity!

There's a Certain Sort of Smug Self-Contentment that Stands in Perilously Close Juxtaposition to Mere Selfishness!

When we Reflect Upon the Burdens that are Being Carried by Some Other Fellows we Know our own Sins no more Hefty than a Ball of Yarn!

The Man who is Plucky Enough to Stand the Gaff generally Doesn't Have To!

It Takes some of us an Inordinately Long Time to Find out that the Only Real Simon-Pure Happiness is that which Comes From Within!

The Purpose plus the Punch—and the Trick is Turned!

## Reflections of A Bachelor Girl BY HELEN ROWLAND

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It's a wise lover that kisses the girl first and reasons with her about it afterward.

Platonic friendship is a beautiful bluff which a woman offers as the easiest way into a love affair, and a man falls back on as the easiest way out of one.

Any woman with a little initiative can get almost anything she wants in this world. It's KEEPING things, Dearie. Keeping your illusions, your money, your reputation or your husband that requires so much skill and finesse.

One infallible way to charm a man is to coax him to "tell you all about" a lot of things of which you probably know more than he does.

A yellow haired woman should have beauty, a dark haired one wit, but a red headed woman needs neither. She is born with a secret fascination that only the high gods (or Mr. Satan) understand.

In most marital conversations a woman's tongue may wear out, but a man's just rusts out.

When the fire of love has been put out it can sometimes be relit, but when it has died out or burnt out there is no use trying to warm up the ashes.

Discussing love "impersonally" with a platonic friend is merely playing with dynamite over a lighted candle.

A woman uses her vanity as a net in which to catch a man's egotism—and then they call it "love!"

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OULD Wilson have won against Taft alone or Roosevelt alone?" asked the head polisher.

"Certainly," replied the laundry man. "Wilson was the solid Democratic vote. Tens of thousands of Democrats voted for the Colonel because they were dissatisfied with the Taft Administration and Wilson lost at the polls a heavy percentage of the normally Democratic vote."

allied vote from the South of Europe. This vote went to Roosevelt and to Debs.

"When we say Wilson polled the solid Democratic vote we mean that his vote was up to the Democratic strength that stood by William Jennings Bryan through successive disastrous campaigns. What was lost by defections was made up by Republicans who voted for Wilson because they were dissatisfied with the Taft Administration and could not stand for the Bull Moose platform."

"To say that Wilson would have lost against Taft or Roosevelt running on the Republican ticket presupposes that all the approximately 4,000,000 voters who cast their ballots for Roosevelt would have voted for Taft, and that all the approximately 3,600,000 voters who cast their ballots for Taft would have voted for Roosevelt."

for Roosevelt. It is impossible to conceive of such a proposition. The Roosevelt wing of the Republican party was anti-Taft and the Taft wing was anti-Roosevelt. Had either of these candidates opposed Wilson on the Republican ticket, Wilson would have got the bulk of the hostile vote within the disorganized Republican party."

"In California the high-minded Bull Moosers whose clarion cries for the purity of the ballot resounded above the din of battle, outgeneraled the Republicans by a smooth trick and fixed it so that the names of the Republican electors were not allowed on the official ballot. In other words, William Howard Taft, the official nominee of the Republican party, was not a candidate in California except as his supporters wrote in the names of the Republican electors. The fight in California, therefore, was clear cut between Wilson and Roosevelt. California is a Republican State. It is also a suffrage State, and Theodore Roosevelt visited it personally and appealed to the women to vote for him. The last figures we have from

California indicate that Wilson carried the State by a narrow margin.

"If Taft had been permitted by Roosevelt to run alone, the big Progressive vote in the Republican party would have gone to the Progressive candidate Wilson. Had Roosevelt won the Republican nomination in Chicago the conservative Republican vote would have gone to the candidate more conservative than Roosevelt—the same being Woodrow Wilson. However, as it turned out, Mr. Wilson had the biggest clinch since the battle of Gettysburg."

Where to Bar Politics.

"It seems to me that minister who delivered an insurgent sermon to his congregation, which included President Taft, rather rubbed it in," remarked the head polisher.

"The minister can't see it," replied the laundry man, "and he has been writing letters to the papers justifying himself. Which goes to show that ministers ought to let politics alone in the pulpit."

"The training of a minister is all against qualifying him for having any sense of fairness in politics. His manner of life precludes him from being in touch with the affairs of the country. He cannot be a conscientious minister unless he looks at things from the view point of a minister. Religion is in no way allied with politics and professional religionists have never understood politics, and never will. For such voters as like to have their ministers tell them how to vote, the political preacher is all right, but the number of voters otherwise inclined is large enough to furnish a partial answer to the question: 'Why are the churches not filled on Sundays?'"

A Spineful of Brains.

"SEEK," said the head polisher, "that a Boston professor has discovered that ball players have supplementary brains at the bases of their spines!"

"Judging from happenings in the recent series," replied the laundry man, "some ball players could stand several supplementary brains."

The Man on the Road By H. T. Battin.

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THE FIRST TRIP OUT.

HE train would not be in for an hour because of a washout somewhere along the line. Meanwhile the traveling men at the station were exchanging narratives. The button salesman was talking.